

JOHN OF THE SCORE:

SHOWING

How he Robbed a Poor Old Man,

AND WAS TAKEN

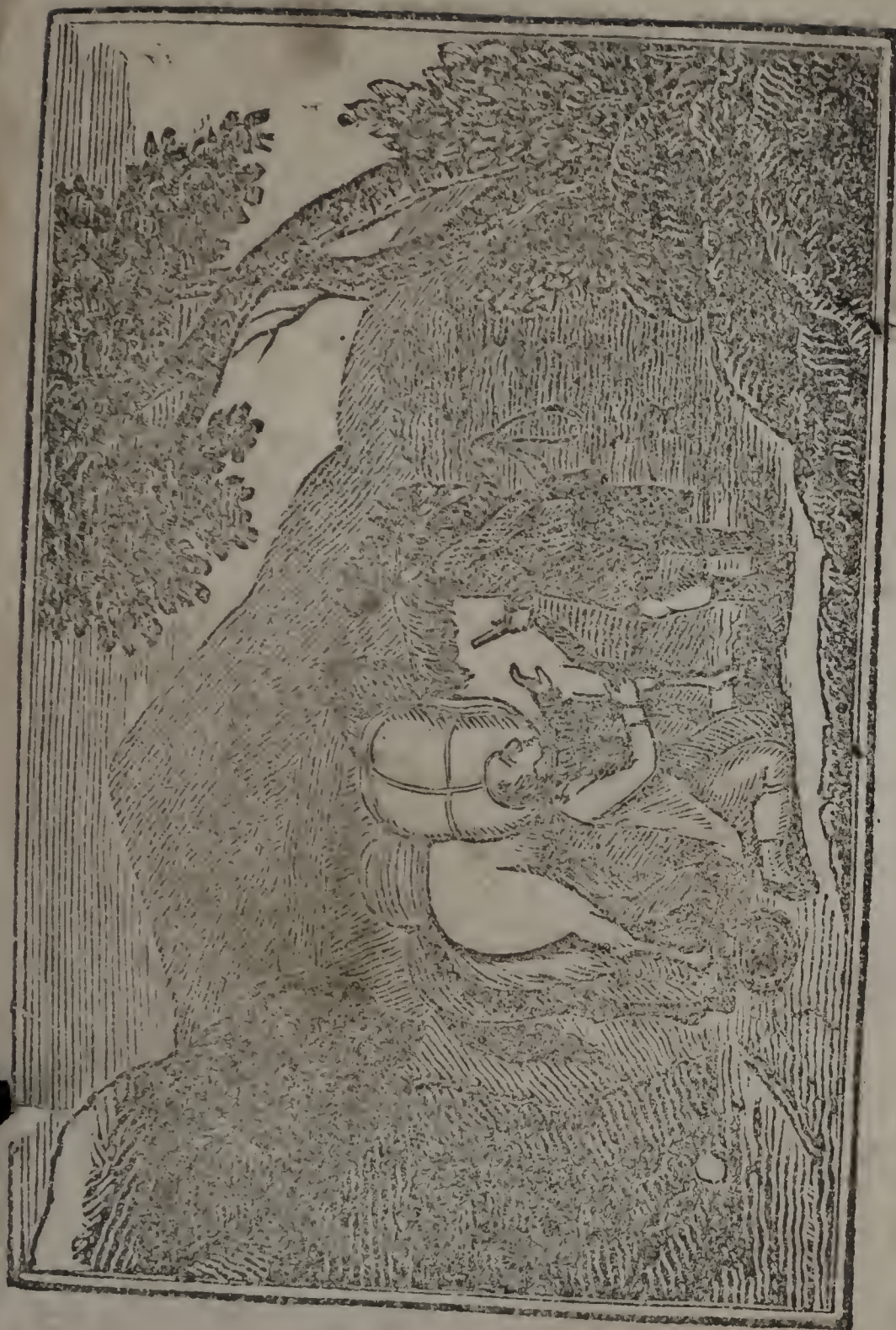
AND CONDEMNED TO DIE.



PUBLISHED BY

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

No. 144 Nassau-st. New-York.



See page 4.



JOHN OF THE SCORE;

OR THE

PENITENT ROBBER.

READER ! whether young or old,
Rich or poor, whoe'er thou art,
Hast thou felt a Saviour's love
Soothe and cheer thy fainting heart ?

Oh ! if thou hast, his lovely name
Will bear sweet music to thine ear,
And thou wilt listen with delight,
The wonders of his grace to hear.

But who can tell ?—perhaps these lines
May meet a sinner's careless eye ;
May cause a harden'd heart to heave
The deep, the penitential sigh.

Poor sinner, read, and learn that once
The precious name of Jesus gave
A dying robber life in death,
And hopes that triumph'd o'er the
grave.

Read, and implore His heavenly grace,
Thy sins to pardon and subdue ;
Pray for the Spirit's mighty power,
That thou may'st love this Saviour
too.

Know, then, there liv'd in Scotland, once,
A Robber of notorious fame ;
John of the Score, they call'd the wretch,
And fear'd and hated was the name.

One night, when prowling on the road,
To make the traveller his prey,
A poor old man he met, and robb'd,
And both his horses took away.

Down on his knees the poor man fell,
And with imploring anguish cried,
"For Jesus' sake, O! give me one,
"For these my daily wants provide.

"Have pity on a poor old man,"
Again he cried, "for Jesus' sake,
"Pity my wife, and helpless babes ;
"O! hear me, or my heart will
break."

No pity touch'd the robber's breast,
He took the poor man's all away :
But there was one mysterious word
That pierc'd his soul with dire dismay.

The poor man cried for "Jesus's" sake ;
That sacred name his heart oppress'd ;
For, though he knew not what it meant,
Strange terror fill'd his troubled breast.

He hasten'd homeward in despair—
He bade his sons for safety fly ;
And, trembling at that unknown word,
By turns he long'd and fear'd to die.

His heart sunk down beneath the load,
The weighty load of all his sin ;
And tears of deep repentance flow'd,
To think how vile his life had been.

With self-aborrence he confess'd
Eternal mis'ry was his due ;
Nor could he then, to gain a world,
His former sinful course pursue.

Alas ! he felt his guilt alone,
He saw no kind deliv'rer nigh ;
But overwhelm'd with hopeless grief,
He felt no pow'r nor wish to fly.

The messengers of justice came—
They led him to the dungeon's gloom ;

He stood a prisoner at the bar,
And heard the judge pronounce his
doom.



While in his cell condemn'd he lay,
Feeling his guilt his bosom rend,
Two ministers of love appear'd,*
A preacher one, and one his friend

* The Rev. Mr. Blyth, and a Mr. Cunningham

They warn'd him of his dreadful state,
And trac'd it to its source within ;
Then spake of God's most holy law,
And show'd the dire effects of sin.

Oh yes ! 'twas love that bade them
speak

Of sin and death, and endless wo ;
For none will prize a Saviour's love,
Till tears of deep contrition flow.

They saw his tears—they mark'd his
grief—

With secret joy they heard him tell
That sin he hated, mourn'd and fear'd,
More than the pains of death and hell.

“ Oh ! then we bring thee joyful news,
“ There yet is hope,” the preacher
cries ;

“ To save poor sinners, Jesus came—
“ To him direct thy weeping eyes.”

“ What name is that ! Ah, let me
know !”

The robber cried, with panting breath ;
“ O, let me hear, for that's the word
“ That pierc'd my heart, and seal'd
my death.”

The sacred preacher then made known
The wonders of redeeming love ;

And, pointing to the Saviour's cross,
Show'd the blest path to world's
above.

"Poor sinner, look to him and live ;
"Trust in this precious name," he
cried ;
"Believe—rejoice—his word declares,
"He for the chief of sinners died."

"Can he forgive a wretch like me ?
"When at my feet the poor man knelt,
"And cried for pity for 'His sake,'
"This harden'd heart no pity felt.



"Will He have mercy on my soul
"My num'rous sins indeed forgive ;

“ Will he receive a wretch so vile,
“ And bid me look to Him and live ?

“ Oh yes, He will—his love is great—
“ ’Tis like himself—it knows no
bound ;

“ Millions, deep sunk in sin and wo,
“ In him have free redemption found.”

A gleam of hope shone on his face—
His heart reviv’d—he long’d to know
More of the wonders of that love,
That could in death such life bestow.

And much he heard, and much he felt,
For his remaining days were spent
In telling of a Saviour’s grace,
And warning sinners to repent.

And, when his last short day was come,
The name of Jesus, and his love,
Were all his trust ; and, through His
death,
He hop’d for life in worlds above.



Now, Reader, pause awhile, and think
What thou art now, and soon must
be,

For God hath sent this little book,
And speaks with solemn voice to thee

Say, dost thou long for peace in life,
And hope for heaven, when life is
past?

O, pause and listen!—search thy heart;
“For, know, this day may prove thy
last!”

Before to-morrow's sun shall rise
To cheer the world—ah! who can
tell
But death may plunge thy trembling
soul
Down to the realms where devils
dwell!

Oh! canst thou bear the dreadful
thought,
Should God this night thy soul re-
quire?
Canst thou endure eternal wrath?
Or bear the pangs of quenchless fire?

'Twas God, poor sinner, gave thee life—
His mercy still prolongs thy breath;
And now he sends this warning voice
To bid thee fly from endless death.

Like the poor robber, hast thou felt
The weighty burden of thy sin?
Low in the dust thy guilt deplor'd,
And mourn'd the dreadful plague
within?

Perhaps thou say'st, with secret pride,
 " Sins such as his I never knew—
" I've done no harm—I do my best—
 " I give to ev'ry one his due."

What thou hast done of fancied good,
 I do not ask—but let me say,
The things which thou hast never
 done,
 God may demand another day.

His law requires that thou shalt love
 Thy God with all thy heart and
 soul ;
Shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,
 Nor by one sin transgress the whole.

Ah ! where is now thy boasting fled ?
 Can'st thou one gleam of comfort
 draw
From deeds that never can avert
 The terrors of a broken law ?

But has this love thy heart possess'd ?
 Has its blest pow'r thy soul re-
 new'd ?

Has it shone forth in word and deed,
 And the foul love of sin subdu'd ?

Has the sweet work of prayer and
 praise
Engag'd thy soul by morning light ?

And hast thou giv'n thyself to God,
When sinking to repose at night?

Dost thou the followers of the Lamb,
Beyond all others, dearly love;
And find communion with them here,
Sweet earnest of the joys above?

Dost thou, with constant, cheerful zeal,
To the blest house of God repair;
And long, with ardent hope, to meet
The presence of a Saviour there?



Say, is the Bible highly priz'd?
Is it thy study day and night—
The source of all thy joy and hope—
The lamp that guides thy steps aright?

Dost thou, with grief and pity, see
Immortal souls their death pursue?
Ah! dost thou long, and strive, and
pray,
That they may seek for mercy too?

Say—dost thou after all deplore
The coldness of thy love and zeal;
And wonder, with the cross in view,
That thy hard heart no more should
feel?

For this is done, enjoy'd, and mourn'd,
By thousands who renounce it all;
Who trust alone in him that died,
And on his arms of mercy fall.

Sinner! alas, what can'st thou say?
Wilt thou again thy life compare
With such as seem to thee more vile,
And hope to find thy comfort there?

Vain is the hope—'twill surely fail!
The word of God declares to men
That all have sinn'd, and must be lost,
Except by grace they're born again.

The man that on the scaffold dies,
And he who thinks his guilt is small,

Trusting in what their hands have done,
Alike in deep perdition fall.

Yet there is hope ! Oh, hear the sound ;
Jesus for helpless sinners died—
He shed his precious blood for all
Who in his matchless love confide.



Now, sinner ! Jesus calls to thee ;
O listen to his heavenly voice !
He bids thee trust his power to save,
And in his pard'ning love rejoice.

Canst thou refuse to lend an ear
To one so merciful and kind ?
Has heaven no joys ? has hell no pains ?
Canst thou another Saviour find ?

No longer trifle with his love—
It may to-morrow be too late :

Heaven may be lost—and thy poor soul
May enter hell's tremendous gate!



Oh, dreadful thought! Poor sinner, fly
To him who can repentance give:
Low at his feet thy sins confess—
Look to his bleeding cross, and live.

Implore the Holy Spirit's aid,
To form thy heart and guide thy
way .
Through this dark world of sin and
wo,
To regions of eternal day.

Now, fellow-sinner, fare thee well!—
Press to that holy, happy place;
And there we may together sing
The triumphs of redeeming grace.



The conversion of this robber is related by Mr. Fleming, in his “Fulfilling of the Scriptures,” as a fact in the remembrance of his contemporaries.



1 cent.

THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

In addition to a very extensive series of duodecimo Tracts, in different languages. Occasional Volumes, &c. have published a large variety of Children's Books, among which are the following:

Series n.... Vol. 1.... 16 p's.... 32mo.

1. Address to a Child.
2. Goodness of Providence.
3. The V.
4. The Orphan.
5. Elizabeth Loveless.
6. Little Susan and her Lamb.
7. Wonderful cure of Naaman.
8. The African Widow.
9. Mary Jones.
10. Anne Walsh, the Irish Girl.
11. Sally of the Sabbath School.
12. Destructive consequences of Vice, Dissipation, &c.
13. Mischiefs its own Punishment.
14. Louisa and the Little Birds.
15. Advice to Sabbath School Children.
16. Bread the Staff of Life.